UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

An Open Letter to a Certain Reform Society

By CHARLES F. DOLE

Aspects of Outlawry

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The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XLIII and XLIV

By M. K. GANDHI

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, JULY 30, 1928 NUMBER 20

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

This proposal of Mr. Kellogg's, made with deep sincerity, accepted sincerely by men like Austen Chamberlain and Aristide Briand, sets up a new moral standard, which cannot be easily betrayed by their successors without convicting them of flagrant treachery before the conscience of their peoples. Once having signed and sealed that covenant, they will have to adjust their policy to its code or be called to account before the bar of public opinion.

It will be a standard round which democratic idealism may rally. It will be more difficult for any nation, not utterly callous to world emotion, to act with willful and brutal aggression against some other State. It will be a moral check upon would-be Caesars. It may, indeed, kill some of that pessimism in Europe and call back that emotional hope for some better way of settling world problems which, for a brief period after the last war, stirred in millions of minds until they were let down by unworthy leadership.

If it can only do that—if it can reanimate the spiritual outlook of European peoples, enabling them to face the future with more confidence in human progress—it may effect that change in psychology which, in my opinion, must happen before the danger of war is made remote. Because it is fear of war which does most to produce war, and the minds of peoples must be liberated from that obsession before they will prepare for peace.

—Sir Philip Gibbs.

New York Times.

If Governor Smith gets away with the Raskob appointment, then indeed are the people of this country fools, and the New York executive a master-politician. That this new Chairman of the Democratic National Committee is "wet," disgustingly "wet," is natural enough, for only a man who knows how to swim in wine and whiskey can keep company with "Al." Bathing suits and not dress suits must be the prevailing style in Democratic circles this summer! What is new and strange and amazing in Mr. Raskob is the fact that he is a "big business" man of the familiar ruthless type, that he is a speculative gambler of the first order, that he knows the less reputable precincts of Wall Street inside, outside, backside and foreside. In Mr. Raskob we have the complete surrender of the Democratic Party to everything that the Republican Party has been standing for during two generations — money, profits, exploitation. In this man we have the flesh-and-blood embodiment of the reason why stocks went up and not down when Smith was nominated—"big business" had nothing to fear in this campaign from either candidate. Of course, it has been years now since there was any fundamental difference between these two grand old parties. A searching analysis of the two platforms this year, made by a distinguished political student, revealed only two minor points of dispute. In everything else, including the tariff, Democrats and Republicans were agreed. But there has always been an idea through all these years that, in a general way, derived 'way back from the days of Hamilton and Jefferson, the Republicans favored money and the Democrats people. Of course this was an illusion — an illusion carefully cultivated by the Democrats. But now the mask is thrown aside. Governor Smith is at least frank. He confesses to all who have eyes to see that the Democratic Party, exactly like the Republican Party, is the mistress of the money power!

We have already spoken in these columns of the specific endorsement of the Outlawry of War by both the great political parties. This has an ideal interest, so to speak, as voicing the conscience of the nation on the all-important issue of peace. But it also has a practical interest, as settling the question of what the Senate will do with the treaties now being negotiated by Secretary Kellogg. The Senate has in past days been the stumbling block in the way of advancing peace by drastic treaties in renunciation of war. There has been ground for feeling that the Senate might be a stumbling block again today. Since introducing his famous Outlawry Resolution in 1924, Senator Borah has held back from pushing this Resolution for consideration because of his knowledge that the votes for its passage did not exist in the upper chamber. Senators are many of them queer animals! But now the whole situation is changed. The Republican Party, in convention assembled, has formally endorsed the Kellogg-Briand negotiations, and thus pledged its representatives to the acceptance of the result of these negotiations. This means that all the Republican Senators must vote to ratify the multilateral treaties just as soon as they are signed and presented. In the same way, and with impressive definiteness, the Democratic Party, in convention assembled, has formally endorsed the Outlawry of War as the first principle of foreign policy. This means that all the Democratic Senators must vote to

ratify the treaties when Secretary Kellogg passes them over for consideration. This leaves the Farmer-Labor senator, Mr. Shipstead, the only man in the upper chamber uncommitted. Which means that the task of Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, is finished before it is begun! It would seem as though he would simply have to move to make the vote unanimous.

Now that the tragedy of the "Italia" is reaching its end, it begins to become evident why the heroic Amundsen broke with Captain Nobile after the former's historic flight over the North Pole. Nobile is yellow all through, and the Norseman was never made to get along with men of that hue. When Nobile was rescued and his men abandoned on the ice-floes, the world caught its breath with amazement and incredulity. Here was "something unique in the annals of human achievement," says the New York *World*, "that the commander of such an expedition should desert his men at a critical time, that he should fly away to safety when at least one of his men was suffering from severe injuries that should have entitled him to be removed first." Nobile has explained that his men insisted that he should go first; but, as the *World* well says, "the commander commands, the others obey." The fact remains that, in the face of death, a captain abandoned his men, a thing as unexplainable as it is inexcusable. Now comes further information about this so-called man, Nobile. In his account of the first rescue, Lieut. Lundborg states that, when he landed on the ice, Gen. Nobile, "bearded and dirty, fell in his arms weeping from mingled joy and distress and embracing and kissing him." This was the *commander* of the "Italia" expedition, mind you, the man whose business it was to maintain discipline, keep up morale, and save his men! Is it possible to imagine Amundsen going to pieces in this way? As little possible as it is to imagine Amundsen climbing alone into the rescuing machine and leaving his men behind. The "Italia" tragedy makes the saddest tale since the loss of Captain Scott and his men in the Antarctic. It is worse than this latter tragedy, because unredeemed by the quiet heroism which made the death of Scott one of the matchless sagas of all time. One wonders why the "Italia" ever sailed, anyhow! The trip was a mere repetition of what had been done before, distinguished only by the indescribable silliness of dropping the cross on the North Pole. And now thirteen men have paid the price, of whom six were rescuers, and one of these the immortal Amundsen. It is time that such things stopped!

It is not to be forgotten, incidentally, that the rescue work, which triumphed after 48 days in reaching the marooned members of the "Italia's" crew, was done by Russians. To the suspicious eye—that of a D. A. R. member, for example—this looks like another case of Bolshevik propaganda. Thus, the aviator who found Mariano, Zappi, and their dead comrade, Dr. Malmgren, was a Russian "red," with the execrable name of Chukhnovsky. Worse still, the ice-breaker which rescued these two half-dead survivors, and later saved the five men left behind by Nobile, was a Bolshevik government vessel, named from the famous Moscow commissar, the "Krassin." Is not the evidence plain? Even in the Arctic wastes, where brave men are fighting death, these "reds" must intrude and advertise their Communism! It certainly is disgusting. Which is one way—the D. A. R. way, shall we say—of looking at it! But there is another way of looking at this same thing. Here, in a heroic struggle against the utmost rigors of nature, Bolsheviks join hands with other men in the work of brotherhood. In those lone wastes of snow and ice, Russians are found to be as good as other men—made of the same essential substance of valor and goodwill.

> The story of their (Mariano and Zappi) forty days and nights (says the New York *Times*); thirty of them with their stark comrade of another race and speech—and of their rescue by men of another race, breaking through the ice and scouting with planes, illustrates anew the persistence of those virtues which have always been put first by all civilized peoples—courage and human sympathy.

So these Bolsheviks are "civilized," like the rest of us! And as courageous and sympathetic! Yet we will not recognize them politically, trade with them industrially, or include them in our world at all—except when we can use them! In the name of the "Italia," shall not this nonsense cease?

The romance of science was never better illustrated than by the story of the finding of the Stone Age mummies by the New York Natural History Museum expedition on a lonely cliff of the Aleutian Islands. The expedition had nothing to guide its explorations but faith—the faith not of religious unreason but of scientific reason. Mummified mastodons had been found in this region, the flesh and hairy hide perfectly preserved by the unmelting ice. The Stone Age man was a flesh-eating man. Where the remains of mastodons had been found, the remains also of men contemporary with these vast creatures should also be found. They never had been found! But this proved not that they did not exist, but that the burials of primitive man were in remote and inaccessible places. So the expedition went and searched—as for a needle in a haystack. For days and weeks, nothing was found. It seemed to be a fool's errand. The hardships of cold and storm and dangerous labor all were in vain. Then suddenly, atop the almost unscalable ramparts of a rocky island, the explorers, poised perilously between waves below and whistling winds above, saw "a sign of a human hand." It was a breathless moment!

There lay "a sort of mound built up from heavy flakes of surrounding granite," and in the mound four bodies —three adults and an infant—perfectly preserved. One body, apart from the other three, was richly clad in tanned otter hides and bird skins, and surrounded by weapons and utensils. Obviously a ruler, "an ice king," with two servants and a favorite child slain to keep him company in the next world! The "culture" represented by these remains, says the first report as published in the New York *Times,* "is indubitably that of the Stone Age." Thus is the antiquity of man again vindicated, and the extension of evolution to the human members of creation again proved sound. Little by little is link joined to link in the endless chain of world development. One wonders what other treasures of early life are hidden in places far and near beneath the earth's crust, awaiting the lucky find of some intrepid devotee of knowledge.

What funny creatures we humans are! This editorial is being written on the 4th of July, in a lovely, quiet spot on the coast of Maine. But it isn't quiet today! A hundred yards from us is a perfectly sane and sober man, of mature years and responsible station in life, deliberately making as much noise as he can with the well-known repercussion instruments known as fire-crackers. This good man, admirable citizen, inoffensive neighbor, got up this morning, looked at his calendar, and said, "Gosh! This is the 4th! I must make some noise." He didn't make any noise yesterday; he will make none tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow; he will live a sober life for another 364 days. But on the 365th, he will again go out on the shore, sit himself solemnly down, and proceed to make a racket. And millions of men in this broad land will do the same. What funny creatures we are! On a certain day in November, we all make it our business to eat too much dinner. We don't need so much dinner; we didn't eat so much the day before, and won't eat so much the day after; but on this one calendar day, we must over-eat. On a certain day in December, we give everybody we can think of a present. We don't give presents to most of these people on other days—would never think of such a thing! But on this day we solemnly swap remembrances, one to another, all around. What funny creatures we are! When a piece of bunting, called a flag, goes by, we all take off our hats. When a silly theatre orchestra plays the "Star Spangled Banner," we all arise. When a crowd of petty politicians declare a war, we all grab swords and guns, and proceed to murder. What funny creatures we are! Just little pieces of pattern mechanisms. Push a button, speak a word, uncover a calendar date, and millions of us all at once begin to do what under other circumstances we should be arrested or put into lunatic asylums for doing! Just so long as this sort of thing goes on, the Behaviorists will have ample material to back up their philosophy of "conditioned reflexes."

An Open Letter to a Certain Reform Society*

Dear Mr. ———

I have been interested in reading the Report of [your organization] to which your name is attached. I have not much money, but I send a bit of a contribution for the expense of the Report. I have not been very sanguine about this movement, but the need of a *bona fide* effort on behalf of better government is constantly growing; and I hope that [your organization] will rally again to this task. Somehow they do not as yet succeed in warming me to their program. I hope that I shall not seem presumptuous in trying to tell you what I want, and do not find in this movement.

For instance, the words used in the Resolutions of August 9th, "the abolition of privilege," seems vague and general. Is it possible that we are still playing about the surface of economic considerations? The big need, I think, is more humanity, and a vital purpose to make the world a better place every way; not, except most incidentally, to "turn the rascals out."

I wish it were possible for your group to plant yourselves definitely on the undertaking to unloose the burdensome injustice of our old system of land tenure. Here is a real and obvious and very great injury, on top of which much so-called "privilege" is maintained. Thousands of people who cannot see their way to be Socialists can be easily made to see that the natural wealth in the land is social, by no scheme of legal fiction individual wealth. Let us begin at once to set right an egregious wrong. We ought to be able to appeal to every right-minded citizen to help us. We need a fearless note of human right.

I am no believer in snug panaceas, but I feel certain that, among the improvements of the governmental machinery, nothing is so much needed as the liberty of proportional representation. At present a citizen has no civic liberty in America. Neither have we any truly representative government, nor the honest opportunity of sending free men to our Legislatures or to Congress. I should like to see a party that will promise to give this enlarged liberty to the people, and so to

*Found among Dr. Dole's papers after his death, marked "a possible UNITY editorial."—EDITORS.

enable the nation to be free of partisan tyranny, with its inevitable mediocrity.

Again, I believe the time has come for a far more positive and human stand about war, or, rather the war system. The great parties are hereditarily tied up with it, and are going to take it for granted. We need a popular movement to *put an end to it.* We need more outspoken language than any which has yet gone into any platform. We have got at least to see far enough ahead as not to need to keep a War or Navy Department on our expense account. We ought to promise things large and worth while. We should begin with certain obvious policies, so as to restrain our government at all times from violence, and meddlesomeness with the affairs of other peoples. We will cut off appropriations for building battleships, and give our administration a mandate to look after the welfare of its own people; we will bind it over, as a matter of course, to maintain friendly relations with all other peoples. Let us promise at the outset never to invade another country. Why not take the United States out of the list of the nations whose armaments make the world nervous?

Let us also make it our business immediately to protect and enlarge the people's liberties, and to respect the rights of minorities. Let us challenge boldly the preposterous heresy that the attainment of a bare majority vote can give any party the right to do a wrong to the others. Let us secure our liberties, sacred for all, by putting up checks against any kind of despotism whether of the autocrat, or the oligarchy, or the majority, or the dictatorship of a proletariat.

We liberals have a very big job on hand. We cannot afford to quarrel with anyone who is ready to go part way with us. We must have the utmost coöperation. We cannot lean back and let those who prefer to call themselves "radicals" express more earnestness and determination than we have. The whole enterprise, however, goes back to a spiritual quality, which I fear is still greatly lacking—I mean plain human respect or good will towards all kinds of people. No bumptiousness or contempt for others can be tolerated. Our one chance and hope for success is through the appeal to the humane in everyone. With this appeal we need not be shy at all of setting forth large, easily understood, and very definite and necessary lines of policy. The more radical they seem, the better, if they are truthful, if they are truthful and beneficent. We must ask the people to help us do great things. Is it not so?

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Aspects of Outlawry

[In the June issue of the great English international review, *Round Table*, appeared a remarkable article on the "Outlawry of War." This article, though unsigned, is now known to have been written by Mr. Phillip Kerr, a distinguished Liberal of wide political acquaintanceship and influence. In a letter addressed to Mr. Kerr by Mr. S. O. Levinson, who is gratefully acclaimed in the article as the originator of the Outlawry idea and program, Mr. Levinson emphasizes certain definite contributions made by Mr. Kerr to the discussion of the Outlawry of War as now under negotiation between the nations, and illumines these contributions with his own comments thereon. As Mr. Kerr's highly important article in the *Round Table* is inaccessible to most of our readers, we have secured Mr. Levinson's permission to publish his letter, herewith.—Editors.]

Dear Mr. Kerr:

. . . First of all, your statement of the history of the Proposal is crisp and accurate.

In your second chapter you not only state the gist of Outlawry, but you make substantial contributions to its philosophy. I quote some of the most impressive:

Peace exists inside the State because the right to use violence as the means of securing their ends is absolutely and entirely denied to every individual and group within it. The State would speedily disappear if it compromised with violence in any way—if it allowed any question, personal or collective, to be settled by an appeal to force.

. . . . . .

The essence of the peace movement, therefore, in the eyes of the outlawry school, is the total prohibition of war as a legal method of accomplishing anything, and a firm agreement between the nations invariably to settle their difficulties and differences by pacific means alone.

Your use of the word "anything" makes your statement the most exhaustive possible of the marrow of Outlawry. How powerful are many simple Anglo Saxon words when properly used.

There can be no more exceptions to the outlawry of war than there are exceptions to the outlawry of violence within the State.

. . . . . .

If a nation is attacked, it will have the right to use any means to defend itself, but once the attack is repelled it must submit the matter at issue to settlement by pacific means and not try to impose its own will by war.

Under your Chapter 3 I quote the following: after an analysis of the Covenant, showing "it is an immense advance on the pre-war situation," you say:

The possibility of war, the likelihood of war, the right to use war is still a dominant element in the thoughts of its members—and is not rebuked or forbidden by the Covenant.

You show that the chances of war are greater under Locarno in this way:

In other words, war is established as the sanction behind the treaties which abolish war and substitute pacific methods in its place.

If you were not discussing so serious a problem, this would be the quintessence of wit.

And you rightly dismiss France's defensive alliances with a few words:

They are really military guarantees for the integral fulfillment of the treaties of peace.

You state perfectly the position that I have tried to maintain for ten years in your striking summation at the close of Chapter 3:

To try to maintain peace by authorizing or requiring war is a contradiction in terms and must inevitably defeat its own ends. So long as the nations retain the legal right to use war, war will in fact triumph over pacific methods. Every nation will know that it has the legal right to go to war. Every nation will know that its neighbors have the legal right to use war. Armaments will continue. The war spirit will endure. When the crisis comes pacific procedure will prove ineffective and the nations will use war.

I delight to assume that while you ascribe these sentiments to the outlawrists, they are likewise your own. At all events, they could not be stated more simply nor more effectually.

Your Chapter 4 is a crystal analysis of the French

point of view based upon "security," namely, the integrity of the Versailles Treaty, and of Germany's willingness to give the peace era a chance to function. I think the French are gradually coming around to see what you ascribe to the American Proposal, that it constitutes the only sound and dependable security for the very reason which I quoted from your Chapter 2, that the continued recognition of the ultimate resort to war perpetuates insecurity. I particularly like your great sentence on page 467 referring to Germany's methods as to revision as follows:

> But obviously if pacific methods should, after twenty or thirty years, prove to be entirely incapable of meeting the ever-changing needs of Europe, there will eventually be armed rebellion against what would then seem to be intolerable injustice, just as there is eventually rebellion against intolerable injustice inside a State.

I think your closing words of Chapter 4 state an irresistible argument against France's theory of security when you say:

> for if war is really ruled out altogether as a means of altering the peace settlement, the vital interests of France and her allies are really secure, and European questions can at last be considered, not primarily from the point of view of how they would affect the situation in the next war, or the preponderance of force possessed by one group over another, or the balance of power, but on the real merits, as disputes are dealt with within every civilized State.

I agree generally to your proposition that the effort should be made to improve the instruments of arbitration and judicial procedure to take the place of the infamous "court of war." I do not go the entire length that seems to animate the recent crusade in Britain that the nations should agree to submit to arbitration or judicial decision *all* disputes.

In England you call this "all-in" arbitration. Our position may be expressed as "all-ex" war. That is to say, the Treaty furnishes a cast iron provision that war shall never be used for the adjustment of disputes, not that all disputes must be arbitrated. All inclusive arbitration may come in the course of time. There are questions today which we must frankly admit will not be submitted to award or decision. For example, take the United States and Japan. The immigration question is the only source of dissatisfaction between these two countries. The American people have for forty years greatly admired the Japanese and Japan had much the larger sympathy in her war with Russia in 1905. Yet the American people will not now submit the immigration question to any tribunal. Time alone must solve this problem. In the meantime Japan and the United States can well agree not to go to war over any question including immigration. A war would not possibly improve or settle the immigration problem.

I take it that Britain would not submit the Egyptian question or the Indian question, as some years ago it would not have submitted the Irish question to any tribunal. Other examples abound. Outlawrists claim that the disavowal of war will metamorphose international relationships to a stage of amelioration where satisfactory treaties covering practically all questions can be expected. Meantime the United States, for example, is perfectly consistent in refusing to arbitrate *all* questions and at the same time offering to outlaw war as to all questions.

The second paragraph of the original Treaty offered by Briand provides that "the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be which may arise among them shall never be sought except by pacific means." This clearly contemplates, not that all disputes or conflicts must be settled by pacific means, but that nothing but pacific means will ever be invoked for their adjustment. This is a very important distinction. Secretary Kellogg's Treaty retains these very words. Indeed Mr. Kellogg told me some months ago that he was going to use the identical language offered in June, 1927, by Briand himself.

As to your statement about the diminution of armaments following Outlawry I wholly agree. In a recent radio talk I said: "You might as well try to run a butcher shop without knives or cleavers as to have a war-world without armaments." Sharp limitation of armaments is next to impossible until war is altogether disavowed.

In Chapter 5 you repeat your powerful argument that while force may be used under the outlawry system to "prevent a State from taking the law into its own hands," yet they would have agreed that force must settle nothing, and its function internationally, just as it is in the individual states, would be confined to compelling resort to pacific modes of settlement." And you use the same argument with reference to the inherent right of self-defense: "as soon as the attack is repelled, violence must cease and pacific means of settlement or redress must be invoked."

I have always believed that after an Outlawry treaty has been signed by the civilized nations, backed by the overwhelming public opinion of their respective peoples, all these suppositions of sudden attack, week-end air raids, aggressive invasions are purely theoretical and would never occur in a peace-world. The greatest difficulty we have, living as we do in a war-world, filled with war traditions, is to visualize a warless world. Our minds are constantly summoning up conditions and instances taken literally from the war system.

We also believe that once the nations have thoroughly renounced war and cast it out of international law and international ethics, once we have got the institution of war off the track of civilization, colossal as the job seems, it will be infinitely harder ever to put it back on the track again. When the Kellogg Treaty has been signed and the nations, particularly the European nations, convince the United States of their determination to extirpate war from the international body politic, and then a crisis arises such as is so often academically put, the United States will do its full duty in a possible situation of a wanton or willful breach.

I have quoted copiously from your article, making this letter far too long, but I cannot close without adopting the last sentence of your Conclusions in Chapter 6:

> By this road alone—the road foreshadowed in the Kellogg Treaty—does it seem possible to make any progress to that era when one sovereign law, amenable to the control of those who are governed by it, will prevail over the earth, and bring peace at last to all the families of men.

Your article is an invaluable contribution to the success of the Kellogg Proposal and the entire Outlawry movement.

S. O. Levinson.

P. S. Strangely enough, I omitted from Chapter 2 on "The Outlawry Idea" this sententious epigram: "The idea itself is a simple one, simple as is the idea of democracy or individual freedom."

Tolstoy

A Play in Seven Scenes

By Henry Bailey Stevens

SCENE V

(The remains of a peasant's hut in Begichevka, in the year 1893—two years later.)

The hut, which has been half destroyed by fire, is at the left. Bricks and charred timbers are about. The great oven, on which the peasants sleep, is still largely intact. Beyond and at the right are fields, as in Scene II.

Arinushka, an old peasant woman, the owner of the hut, is sitting on the charred door-sill, sobbing. Two peasants, Vasili and Mitenka, are standing in center.

MITENKA: It is a thousand pities.

VASILI: Fire is a terrible thing. How did it start, Mitenka?

MITENKA: In the night they saw it coming from the chimney. It licked the roof as clean as by a cow's tongue. They had difficulty in getting the old woman *(indicating Arinushka)* out alive.

ARINUSHKA *(wailing):* Oh, I have nothing left to live for! Was it not enough for my husband to go away to the city? Was it not enough for my children to be put under the sod? And now my beautiful house, the pride of my heart, has been taken from me.

MITENKA: Her beautiful house! She thinks it was a palace. Be still, Arinushka. There is no good in breaking your heart.

ARINUSHKA: I have no roof for my old head. And the hay for my cow has gone with it.

MITENKA: It was lucky that the cow herself was not burned, Arinushka.

ARINUSHKA: She is of no use to me without hay to feed her. And of what use am I any longer in the world?

MITENKA: It is a thousand pities.

VASILI: At any rate, the vermin must have been thoroughly destroyed. There is a saying that there is some gain with every loss.

ARINUSHKA: Oh, Queen of Heaven, have mercy upon my soul!

MITENKA: There is no good in breaking your heart. Did you have any vodka left, Arinushka?

ARINUSHKA: It was in the loft. It was destroyed.

MITENKA: Ah, that is a thousand pities.

VASILI: Did I not tell you, Mitenka, that fire is a terrible thing? If she had had the vodka, it would have warmed our hearts.

MITENKA: It would have made her forget her troubles.

VASILI: Why do you not help her, Mitenka, to rebuild her hut? She is alone in the world, and is without shelter.

MITENKA: I have got to thresh the oats today. But you, Vasili, you are a master at building huts. I think you could be to her like a great godfather.

VASILI: My back has been giving me so much trouble I dare not. And my potatoes are not yet dug.

(Schneidermann enters, dressed as a villager, smoking a cigarette.)

ARINUSHKA: My beautiful house! The pride of my old heart!

SCHNEIDERMANN: God be with you! *(They stare at him.)* It seems He has not been with you. *(He goes over and examines the hut.)*

MITENKA: Who is this man, Vasili?

VASILI: I do not know him.

MITENKA: He speaks in a friendly way.

ARINUSHKA: My husband has left me. My children have been taken away. And my beautiful—

MITENKA *(showing off before the stranger):* Be still, old woman. That does not give you the shack again.

SCHNEIDERMANN: When did the fire come?

MITENKA: In the night. The roof was licked as clean as by a cow's tongue.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Ah, it is a pity.

MITENKA: It is a thousand pities.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Yes, it was bound to come soon of course.

MITENKA: How? What do you say? Vasili, he says it was bound to come.

SCHNEIDERMANN: It is just as much a pity, I suppose.

VASILI: What is it that you mean, that the fire had to come? It seems to me that it never should come.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Oh, it is easy to understand. Will you have a cigarette? *(Offers a package to Mitenka, who takes two. Schneidermann on seeing this pockets the package without offering it to Vasili.)* Give one to your friend there. *(Mitenka grudgingly surrenders one of them.)*

MITENKA: You say it is easy to understand?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Why, it is a curse, of course. That is plain to see.

MITENKA: A curse!

VASILI: You mean because old grandmother sold vodka?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Of course not. Do you think that every house where vodka is sold burns? If it did, a fire would be as common a thing to see as a fool.

MITENKA: Ha! Ha! You speak well there. friend.

VASILI: How could it be a curse then?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Why! Have you not accepted aid from the devil's agent in this district?

VASILI: God forbid such a thing!

MITENKA: I do not understand, but there may be something in what you say.

VASILI: What do you mean by the devil's agent?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Do you not know that a wolf in sheep's clothing is among you?

MITENKA: What do you mean?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Do not keep asking "What do I mean?" like a fool! You know very well that the old man who is the ambassador of the Evil One—God protect me from him *(He crosses himself)*—has been pretending to give favors here such as can be given only by God through His Holy Church.

MITENKA: Ah!

VASILI: Surely you do not mean Count Leo Nikolayevich?

SCHNEIDERMANN: It is true that in the past he

was a nobleman, and received many favors from both the Little Father in St. Petersburg and the Holy Synod; but he has long since deserted them, and now serves the Evil One. Why, it is well known everywhere but here that if you once accept his aid, he brands you on the forehead and delivers you to the Accursed One.

MITENKA: Let me see, Arinushka, if your forehead is marked.

ARINUSHKA *(who has paid no attention to this):* Oh, Queen of Heaven! Tell me what I have left to live for?

SCHNEIDERMANN: The mark is often invisible except to those who are acquainted with such things. I could tell it, but it is not worth while. It is of no matter. Listen. We know very well that Hell is full of flames, do we not? Well, and it was by flames that this hut was destroyed.

MITENKA: You see, Vasili, that explains it.

VASILI: I do not yet understand.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Fool, in the night at this man's instigation an imp, a messenger from the Accursed One himself—God protect me *(He crosses himself)*—had only to bring a torch from below—say from yonder well—and touch the thatch.

MITENKA: When we see this old man, let us beat him with sticks. Do you understand, Arinushka? Have you heard our friend here explain why your hut was burned?

ARINUSHKA: Oh, of what use am I any longer in the world?

(Mitenka talks with her, pointing occasionally to Schneidermann and then examining her forehead.)

SCHNEIDERMANN *(to Vasili):* I understand that last year during the famine the whole village received help from the Accursed One through this man. I think that this will not be a good place for me to live. I will go away in a little while. It will be a wonder if the whole village does not burn.

(Tolstoy enters at right, dressed in peasant costume. Schneidermann starts.) Ah! Here he is now! *(He hastens to cross himself.)*

MITENKA: What is that you say? Is this he?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Yes. You had better cross yourself.

TOLSTOY *(who has been looking at the hut):* Brothers, is this the widow Arinushka? *(He goes over to her.)*

MITENKA *(crossing himself):* Cross yourself, Vasili.

VASILI: But I do not understand. This man is our friend.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Are you a fool?

MITENKA: Yes, you are a fool, Vasili. Did you not hear this wise man tell how he only pretends to be a friend? It has been known everywhere but here.

VASILI *(doggedly):* Yes, but he is our friend. He is the one of whom I told you—Leo Nikolayevich.

MITENKA: You are always a fool, Vasili. *(To Schneidermann)* Shall we take threshing flails and creep up behind him as he stands there, and pound him on the buttocks?

TOLSTOY: Do not cry so, old woman. We shall soon have your hut built again.

SCHNEIDERMANN *(to Mitenka):* First, we had better explain to the other men of the village.

TOLSTOY *(turning to the group):* Brothers, what do you say? Shall we not acknowledge God's goodness by making her a house again?

ARINUSHKA *(for the first time seeming to understand):* Oh, messenger of Heaven! Merciful Father!

TOLSTOY: Ah, Vasili! I did not notice you before. *(He goes to Vasili.)* I will start right away to rebuild the oven. Will you not go and cut some aspens for uprights? Tomorrow we will haul them here and plane them. *(To others):* Perhaps these other men will also help us.

ARINUSHKA: Glory be to God for sending you!

SCHNEIDERMANN *(to Mitenka):* If he has his way, nothing can save the village.

MITENKA *(going to Arinushka):* Do you not understand, Arinushka, that this is the agent of the Evil One, who destroyed your hut? You have already felt the marks of evil because of him.

ARINUSHKA *(loudly):* Go on with your lying tales. How can it be as you say? I have never before received any help from him.

MITENKA: What is that you say? He has never helped you before?

SCHNEIDERMANN: It does not matter. The village received help from him. She suffers because of the village.

ARINUSHKA: Where is this man who says my forehead is marked?

MITENKA: We did not say so. He said so. *(Points to Schneidermann.)*

ARINUSHKA *(getting up and shaking her finger at him):* And who is he? Who is he? The dirty dog with his lying tales!

VASILI: That is so. Who are you?

MITENKA: It is true that we have never seen him before.

ARINUSHKA: Did he offer to help me? Did any of you offer to help me, even though you are my neighbors? But he *(pointing to Tolstoy)* would help me build my house more beautiful than ever.

VASILI: I told you, Mitenka, that this was our friend. This is Leo Nikolayevich.

ARINUSHKA *(to Schneidermann):* Do you think, sir, that my forehead is marked? No, but I have a mind to mark yours for you.

VASILI: Tell us who you are.

TOLSTOY *(who has been watching Schneidermann):* Ah, I think I know who he is. My friend, were you not once a captain of gendarmes in Moscow?

SCHNEIDERMANN: So you remember.

TOLSTOY: I remember with humiliation. It was one of the times in my life when I lost my temper.

SCHNEIDERMANN: In those days the government did not know what an enemy you were. *(To the others):* Fellow countrymen, this man has been denounced by the Holy Synod as an agent of the Evil One. He is a traitor to the Little Father. I have letters from persons in authority who give me proof of this. If you listen to him, you will see that his master, the devil—God protect me—*(He crosses himself)*—will burn your huts one after another.

MITENKA: How can we tell which of them is right? One of the two of them ought to be beaten with sticks.

VASILI: Be still, Mitenka. This is the man who saved all of our lives in the famine last year. Did the Holy Synod help us then? Did the Little Father remember us? No, but our benefactor here brought

food to us from the barbarians who live in Germany across the great ocean and kept our children and our horses alive.

TOLSTOY: Let us all stop this nonsense, which leads to nothing, and help each other rebuild Arinushka's house.

ARINUSHKA *(to Schneidermann):* Who are you that tries to tell these lies about our beloved?

VASILI: He is the one who should be beaten. *(He turns and shouts off stage at left):* Hey! Hey! Come here, Nikita! All come!

MITENKA: You are right, Vasili. Let me find a stick.

TOLSTOY *(thundering):* Stop! There must be no violence! For shame! If you have any regard for me, you will not think in such a way. Do you not remember the commandment of Our Lord that we should love even our enemies—particularly our enemies? Let us be friends with this man. *(To Schneidermann):* Come, brother, why do you not turn from the evil life in which you find yourself, and live here with us honestly? Help us now to rebuild this poor woman's hut. *(Vasili goes out at left.)*

SCHNEIDERMANN: My God, you old fossil! You almost convince me.

(Shouts are heard outside. A number of peasants run in, led by Vasili.)

FIRST PEASANT: It is he!

SECOND PEASANT: It is Leo Nikolayevich!

VASILI: What did I tell you?

FIRST PEASANT: He has come back to us again!

THIRD PEASANT: Ah! I remember how he brought us potatoes, and onions and rye meal for kvas!

FOURTH PEASANT: Ten thousand puds of straw he brought to keep our horses alive!

FIFTH PEASANT: He was at Klekotki and gave us wood. We would have frozen!

PEASANT WOMAN: He found linen for us and bast!

SECOND PEASANT WOMAN *(to child):* Do you remember, child, the milk that he got for you?

SECOND PEASANT: We would have had no seed to plant but for him!

FIRST PEASANT: That is true. He brought us oat seed, and potatoes.

SECOND PEASANT: And hemp and millet.

VASILI: Hurrah for Leo Nikolayevich!

ALL: Hurrah! Long life to Leo Nikolayevich!

(Suddenly a woman comes from left and rushing through the crowd, throws herself at Tolstoy's feet.)

WOMAN *(sobbing):* Leo Nikolayevich! Leo Nikolayevich! You saved my baby's life!

TOLSTOY *(picking her up):* Here, here my child! You must never do that. Kneel and pray only to God.

WOMAN *(still greeting him):* Leo Nikolayevich!

TOLSTOY: Stop, I say! Do you want me to scold you?

WOMAN *(to others):* We should have starved if it had not been for him!

ALL: Hurrah for Leo Nikolayevich!

FIRST PEASANT: We are glad to have you among us again.

TOLSTOY: Stop! Wait!

VASILI: Stop! Listen to what he has to say.

ALL: Yes, be silent.

TOLSTOY: My friends, do not spend your breath any longer on an old man who deserves so little as I.

FIRST PEASANT: You do deserve it.

TOLSTOY: Wait a moment; I beg of you. It is very distasteful to me that you praise me so much for what I did during the famine. It may have been necessary to work at that time to get food and clothing and fuel, as some of us did. But why was it necessary? It was charity work. Should charity be necessary? I do not think so. I do not like charity work, and I do not believe you do.

SEVERAL: No! No! No charity!

TOLSTOY *(to Schneidermann):* Listen, my friend. These are of the people who feed the world. Is it not true? They raise the wheat and the rye and the millet and the potatoes, which are sent all over Russia and much of the rest of Europe. Is it not true?

SEVERAL: It is true. He says rightly.

TOLSTOY: Then, is there not something wrong when it is found that they themselves do not have enough to eat?

SEVERAL: That is what we said. There is something wrong.

TOLSTOY: And they raise the flax and the wool, do they not, that clothes all Russia? Then, is there not something wrong when it is found that they themselves do not have enough to wear?

SEVERAL: You are right, Leo Nikolayevich. You are always right.

TOLSTOY: Listen. They have forests growing around them which they cut for great sections, do they not? Then, is there not something wrong when it is found that they do not have enough fuel to keep them warm?

ALL: Something wrong! There is something wrong. What is it? Tell us, Leo Nikolayevich.

TOLSTOY: I will tell you. It is because we are not all living with each other as Christian people should. There are some people like myself of the upper classes who have been riding upon your backs. We must not be angry with them, but we must all work together to see that things are changed. I will tell you a story:

SEVERAL: Good! A story!

TOLSTOY: Some children were given a horse, a real, live horse, and they drove out with it and had their fun. They drove and they drove, down-hill and up-hill. The good horse was covered with sweat and out of breath, but it continued to pull and obey them; and the children shouted and boasted to one another as to who could make the horse gallop best. And it seemed to them that it was they that were galloping instead of the horse, and they boasted of their race. The children had their fun for a long time without thinking of the horse and of how it worked and suffered; and if they noticed that the horse stopped, they smacked the whip in a more lively fashion and urged it on. But there comes an end to everything. There came an end to the strength of the horse; and in spite of the whip, it began to stop. My friends, do you understand? Some children, such as I myself, have been driving the great masses of the Russian people; they have driven foolishly, without regard for the people. They have spent their days in having a good time at the expense of the people. They have accumulated land and food and all sorts of luxuries at the expense of the people. They have taken the people's wealth and bought even such things as earrings and ball-dresses and diamond necklaces with it. And then—all of a

sudden—at the time of the famine, they, the upper classes, realize that the people are in a bad way.

VOICE: Down with the upper classes! Let us revolt!

TOLSTOY: Wait, my friends! Violence will do more harm than good. I tell you we must all think together how we can live in a Christian way. We are not dumb beasts. We can think, and what is more, we can speak. We need to speak to the upper classes, and we should say to them: "We do not want charity, such charity as may have been necessary in the famine to keep us alive. All that we want is for you to get down and unhitch us. We can look out for ourselves then." That is what I am trying to say to them with my life. And that is why I do not like to have you praise me for charity. When one of the children jumps down from the wagon and runs alongside to offer the horse some hay, while the horse is still being driven, it looks foolish. When the upper classes, who depend upon the masses for their food and clothing and fuel, when they take it upon themselves to feed and clothe the masses, it also looks foolish. That is why I am not proud of what I did for you.

FIRST PEASANT: Ah, you are a wise man as well as a good man, Leo Nikolayevich.

WOMAN: You are a god.

TOLSTOY: Stop! I tell you, that is nonsense! Listen, if we wish to show affection for one another, let us all help to rebuild Arinushka's hut.

SEVERAL: We'll help you, Leo Nikolayevich!

TOLSTOY: Good! Let the men go and cut aspens for uprights. Tomorrow I will get a team and we will haul them here and plane them. In the meantime let others make mortar so that we can rebuild the oven.

SEVERAL: Good! It is agreed! (*Most of them go out, one of them calling:* "It is good to work with Leo Nikolayevich!")

(*As the crowd goes, Masha is seen at the right, where she has been watching. She now comes up.*)

TOLSTOY: Masha, see if you can get some straw. We shall want to plait it for the thatch.

MASHA (*to young woman who is still there*): Come, Rachel! The women too can help. (*They go out.*)

ARINUSHKA: May God reward you!

TOLSTOY: He has rewarded me many times, old woman!

ARINUSHKA: Now I shall have something to live for again!

SCHNEIDERMANN (*sneering*): Yes, you will have a chance to sell vodka again!

TOLSTOY (*starting*): Is it true? Have you done that? (*She is silent.*) Is it for that that we are rebuilding your house?

ARINUSHKA: Vodka is a necessary thing, master.

TOLSTOY: Necessary? No! It is a terrible thing to dull the senses and inflame the passions, and make beasts of men. Well, you must have a house at any rate.

SCHNEIDERMANN (*sneering*): Your eloquence almost converted me. I suppose, if I were only a peasant now, I could walk on the water.

TOLSTOY: Do you feel no chord of brotherhood?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Brotherhood? With this human scum? You are welcome to it. I decline the honor.

TOLSTOY: There is one favor I would ask of you.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Only one? I am curious.

TOLSTOY: Yes. You have heard what was said. You have seen the condition of the people. Go back and tell these things to the Government that you represent. Tell them that if they would save Russia—yes, and the world—they must remove this nauseous cancer of poverty that undermines our whole civilization. They must stop this mad race for money. They must give up the inane luxuries that the proud fools barter their souls for, strutting down the streets of Europe in their elaborate costumes to their extravagant buildings bought with human blood. Do they not see that they are kindling the fires of their own destruction, lighting the fuses that will blow their limbs or those of their children into a million fragments? They had better get off the people's backs. That is the message that I, an old man, Leo Tolstoy, would like to send them.

SCHNEIDERMANN (*sarcastically*): They would no doubt be very grateful.

TOLSTOY: Ah! They are so afraid! These Governments that love their little peoples feel that they must protect them. Do they mean to protect them from hunger and cold and sickness? No! These things seem too commonplace, too simple. No, they must protect their little peoples from the terrible menace of other little peoples. Do they protect them with food, with clothing and fuel? No, these things are not important. They protect them with great guns, with huge standing armies. They coin the wealth of the world into enormous warships that are scrapped in a few years for still more enormous warships. This is the way that they protect their little peoples.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Your knowledge of international affairs is truly amazing.

TOLSTOY: My friend, can you not see that these things are true?

SCHNEIDERMANN: There only seems to be one little fact with which you are not acquainted.

TOLSTOY: What do you mean?

SCHNEIDERMANN: You have been living so long here among your—hmm—brothers, that you evidently have not heard that the Government has at last definitely removed the possibility of war.

TOLSTOY: You mean by the agreement with France?

SCHNEIDERMANN: What else? While you and others do nothing but abuse the government, the men who devote their lives to their country's welfare, worked unselfishly. They met a few French gentlemen at Toulon. They signed a little paper. And the foundations of international peace were established. At one stroke they made the French our brothers. This war that you speak of is not possible now.

TOLSTOY: Ah! You think so? What wonderful brotherhood men show on paper. And now I suppose they will sign papers with the English? with the Germans? with the Japanese?

SCHNEIDERMANN: They will see to those things in due time. With a water-tight alliance with France, we can face the world.

(*Masha and peasant woman come in with straw which they plait near hut.*)

TOLSTOY: This paper that they signed at Toulon, and fired salutes about, and banqueted upon—this paper you think was a move toward Peace? I tell you it is one of the very rumblings that I hear of a Terror that

will shake all Europe. It is a move toward war. They are so fearful now that they do not dare to be alone—that is all that that means. What are they fearful of? Are they fearful that their peoples will suffer from the great black want of poverty and wretchedness? No, all of their peoples already have those things, and the Governments do not fear. They are fearful for their ill-gotten gains, for the loot of the luxury of which I told you. They are fearful, and they have good cause to be fearful; but the steps that they take are not away from the abyss. The steps they take are straight forward into it. I tell you I see Death coming, riding, riding, nearer and nearer. And they are running forward to meet him—in their fear!

SCHNEIDERMANN: Well, I see you have the voice of a prophet as well as the beard! This is nice talk that you are spreading among the people. I am glad to have had a sample of it first hand.

TOLSTOY: Perhaps you will tell it, then, to the Government as I wish.

SCHNEIDERMANN: I will make a very full report. By the way, you might be interested in a few other papers which the Government has seen fit to sign and which I have here in my pocket. (*He produces several.*) Here is one—a warrant for the immediate arrest and apprehension of one Gusef—

TOLSTOY: My secretary!

SCHNEIDERMANN: Ah! I thought that you might be interested. Here is another requiring the immediate banishment of one Piotr Ivanovich Biryukov.

TOLSTOY: Biryukov!—My friend!

SCHNEIDERMANN: And another of a similar nature directed against one V. Tchertkoff!

TOLSTOY: No! No! Not Tchertkoff! My greatest helper!

SCHNEIDERMANN: Here it is. Perhaps you would like to look at it. (*Holds it out.*)

TOLSTOY (*not deigning to look*): So it has come—this blow that they have so long threatened. Well, I do not care, provided you have another paper there which you have not shown me.

SCHNEIDERMANN: That is all for the present.

TOLSTOY: And have you none against old Leo Tolstoy—the instigator of these poor people?

SCHNEIDERMANN: This batch satisfies for the moment.

TOLSTOY: Ah! They are still afraid—this Government! They are always ready to wound, but they are afraid to strike. Tell them that for me. What are their grounds for action against these men?

SCHNEIDERMANN: They have disseminated forbidden writings—a book, for example, with the sacrilegious title, "The Kingdom of God is Within You." And other writings of a similar nature.

TOLSTOY: So this is their method. They attempt to punish or intimidate the men who give these books away. But the real instigator they do not touch. Why do they not put an end to it at once by acting against the source of this pernicious literature? Is this not logical? Is this not reasonable? Will they attempt to stop the smoke and be afraid to smother the fire? Tell them this for me.

SCHNEIDERMANN: You have already given me so many messages that I fear I cannot remember them all.

TOLSTOY: Tell them this: that they need not hesitate to act against me now, for I assure them beforehand that I shall continue without ceasing, till my death, to do what they consider evil and what I consider my sacred duty before God. Let them at once either put me into one of their cold, stinking prisons—of which I am not afraid—or if they prefer it, let their hangman put on me the shroud and death cap and push me off the bench so that by my own weight I tighten the well-soaped noose about my old throat! Tell them that.

SCHNEIDERMANN: You exaggerate the need of action against you. They realize—and wisely—that once your associates are punished, your own hypocrisy will stand clear. That at least will undo you.

TOLSTOY: My hypocrisy?

SCHNEIDERMANN: You know what I am saying. Your hypocrisy! You pretend to be the peasant's brother, the only living example of the true Christian faith!

TOLSTOY: I have never presented that.

SCHNEIDERMANN: You say we must give up all property as an example. You have given up yours.

TOLSTOY: Well?

SCHNEIDERMANN: You have given up your property! Ha! Ha! Ha! Pardon me, old man. It makes be laugh.

TOLSTOY: Say what you have in your mind. Scourge me.

SCHNEIDERMANN (*to women*): Hey, you, old women! Since you are the only ones left. Have you heard this little joke? I am only sorry that I did not recover from his eloquence in time to make it more public. But that is not necessary. He will appreciate it. For that matter, the others do, too. You cannot hope to fool them, you know, forever. Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Masha and the other women come up during this speech.*)

TOLSTOY: I know what you are going to say. Say it.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Never fear. I shall not deny myself the pleasure. Ha! Ha! Ha! He says he has given up all his property. To whom has he given it up? To all the old Arinushkas, and Vasilis and Mitenkas, and all the other old fools? Not he! He is a wise man. He gives up his property to his wife and to his children. It is in safe keeping there, indeed, I can assure you. What a wonderful act of renunciation!

TOLSTOY: You say much that grieves me because it is true.

MASHA: And he forgets much, too!

SCHNEIDERMANN: No doubt! Ha! Ha! Ha!

TOLSTOY: I do not wish to defend myself. I have been the first to say myself that my own example has not been what I could wish.

MASHA: Well, I am glad that I am here and that I at least can speak. And I say that he has actually renounced the property. The food that he eats is peasant's food—kasha gruel—which he earns by the sweat of his brow, as the peasants earn theirs. He earns the clothing that he wears. He lights his own fires, does his own daily tasks.

SCHNEIDERMANN: That must be a difficult job at Yasnaya Polyana—a gentleman's estate!

MASHA: When he travels, it is in the third class coaches that he rides.

TOLSTOY: Do not defend me, Masha.

SCHNEIDERMANN: And when he sleeps? Where will he sleep tonight?

MASHA: He will sleep on a hard cot.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Ha! Ha! Ha! It must be a difficult thing to do this at Yasnaya Polyana! Tell me, my child, have you ever slept in a peasant's hut? Do you know what the comforts of these places are? Do you know what comfortable little crawling bedfellows they have? Do you know what fresh air and clean sheets they have? Do you know what cosy mattresses they have? Jammed in like lousy pullets on a filthy oven as a roost! No, I will wager you do not know, and the old dotard, your father, does not know either, or pretends he does not.

MASHA (*crying*): He does, too, you hateful, lying beast!

TOLSTOYS There! There! Masha! You have gone and lost your temper!

SCHNEIDERMANN: It must be fun to play at peasant-life at Yasnaya Polyana! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MASHA: You would have him leave his wife and family, I suppose, you—oh! you are a bad man!

SCHNEIDERMANN: Come, child! Let us talk in Christian language to one another at least. I only say that it is a very convenient thing for him to have a wife and family that does not share his belief.

MASHA: Oh, Father! How can I keep from hating him?

SCHNEIDERMANN: Ha! Ha! Ha!

TOLSTOY: No, Masha. No! Do you not see that it is the measure of truth in what he says that hurts? This is what stings you. Do not be afraid to admit it. I have long recognized it.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Ah, I must tell the others this little joke. They will appreciate it.

TOLSTOY: You will tell them nothing that I have not told them myself.

SCHNEIDERMANN: Ah, but your sense of humor would hardly do it justice. Ha! Ha! Ha! (*He goes out at left laughing. The two peasant women go back to hut.*)

TOLSTOY: You see, Masha, the tragedy is that on the one hand I could not get your mother to join me. She and the children were not a peasant family such as Syntayev's. They had to a certain extent been corrupted by luxury, and they could not change their lives. And on the other hand, the tragedy is that I love them all too much to leave them. Its puts our example in question because of this. It is our weak spot. I have known that for a long time.

MASHA: What can we do, Father? What can we do? Shall we go away?

TOLSTOY: I do not know, my child. I cannot find it in my heart to take that step. I think we must bear this cross. It may be that the suffering it causes is not so evil as it seems. But, oh! It makes my life at times a loathsome thing! To know that even though I renounce this luxury, I live in it; to know that I cannot shake it from me because if I do I shake also the ones nearest to my heart; and yet to know that because of it I am an unworthy instrument of God—Ah! This is hard to bear!

MASHA: Father! Father! You are crying.

TOLSTOY: Oh, Christ, is it then true!

MASHA: What do you mean, Father?

TOLSTOY: When the Light comes, must a man leave his own flesh and blood to follow it? "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

MASHA: Oh, Father! Father!

TOLSTOY: It means—it means—it means—Ah, Masha!

(*Curtain.*)

[Scene VI next issue.]

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XLIII AND XLIV

Homeward

Mr. Kallenbach had accompanied me to England, with a view to going to India. We were staying together, and of course wanted to sail by the same boat. The Germans, however, were under such strict surveillance that we had our doubts about Mr. Kallenbach getting a passport. I did my best to get it and Mr. Roberts, who was in favor of his getting his passport, sent a cable to the Viceroy in this behalf. But straight came Lord Hardinge's reply: "Regret Government of India not prepared to take any such risk." All of us understood the force of the reply.

It was a great wrench for me to part with Mr. Kallenbach, but I could see that his pang was greater. Could he have come to India, he would have been leading today the simple, happy life of a farmer and weaver. Now he is in South Africa, leading his old life and doing brisk business as an architect.

We wanted a third class passage, but as there was none available on P. and O. boats, we had to go second.

We took with us the dried fruit we had carried from South Africa, as most of it would not be procurable on the boat where fresh fruit was easily available.

Dr. Jivraj Mehta had bandaged the ribs with "Mede's Plaster" and had asked me not to remove it till we reached the Red Sea. For two days I put up with the discomfort, but finally it became too much for me. It was with considerable difficulty that I managed to undo the plaster and regained the liberty of having a proper wash and bath.

My diet mostly consisted of nuts and fruits. I found that I was improving every day and felt very much better by the time we entered the Suez Canal. I was weak, but felt entirely out of danger, and I gradually went on increasing my exercise. The improvement I attributed largely to the pure air of the temperate zone.

Whether it was due to past experience or to any other reason, I do not know, but the kind of distance I observed between the English and Indian passengers on the boat was something I had not noticed even on

my voyage from South Africa. I did talk to a few Englishmen, but it was mostly formal. There were hardly any cordial conversations such as had certainly taken place on the South African boats. The reason for this was, I think, to be found in the conscious or unconscious feeling at the back of the Englishman's mind that he belonged to the ruling race, and the feeling at the back of the Indian's mind that he belonged to the subject race.

I was eager to reach home and get free from this atmosphere.

On arriving at Aden we already began to feel somewhat at home. We knew the Adenwallas very well, having met Mr. Kekobad Kavasji Dinshaw in Durban and come in close contact with him and his wife.

A few days more and we reached Bombay. It was such a joy to get back to the land after an exile of ten years.

Gokhale had inspired a reception for me in Bombay where he had come in spite of his delicate health. I had approached India in the ardent hope of meeting him, of merging myself in him and thereby feeling free. But fate had willed it otherwise.

Some Reminiscences of the Bar

Before coming to a narrative of the course my life took in India, it seems necessary to recall a few of the South African experiences which I had deliberately left out.

Some lawyer friends have asked me to give my reminiscences of the bar. The number of these is so large that if I were to describe them all they would occupy a volume by themselves, and would take me out of my scope. But it may not perhaps be improper to recall some of those which bear upon the practice of truth.

So far as I can recollect, I have already said that I never resorted to untruth in my profession, and that a large part of my legal practice was in the interest of public work, for which I charged nothing beyond out-of-pocket expenses, and those too I sometimes met myself. I had thought that in saying this I had said all that was necessary as regards my legal practice. But friends want me to do more. They seem to think that if I were to describe, however slightly, some of the occasions when I refused to swerve from the truth, the legal profession might profit by it.

As a student I had heard that the lawyer's profession was a liar's profession. But this did not influence me, as I had no intention of earning either position or money by lying.

My principle was put to the test many a time in South Africa. Often I would know that my opponents had tutored their witnesses, and if I only encouraged my client or his witnesses to lie, the case would be ours. But I always resisted the temptation. I remember only one occasion when, after having won a case, I suspected that my client had deceived me. In my heart of hearts I always wished that I should win only if my client's case was right. In fixing my fees I do not recall ever having made them conditional on my winning the case. Whether my client won or lost I expected nothing more nor less than my fees.

I warned every new client at the outset that he should not expect me to take up a false case or to coach the witnesses, with the result that I built up such a reputation that no false cases used to come to me. Indeed some of my clients would keep their clean cases for me, and take the doubtful ones elsewhere.

There was one case which proved a severe trial. It was brought to me by one of my best clients. It was a case of highly complicated accounts and had been a prolonged one. It had been heard in parts before several courts. Ultimately the bookkeeping portion of it was entrusted by the court to the arbitration of some qualified accountants. The award was entirely in favor of my client, but the arbitrators had inadvertently committed an error in calculation which however small was serious inasmuch as an entry which ought to have been on the debit side was made on the credit side. The opponents had opposed the award on other grounds. I was junior counsel for my client. When the senior counsel became aware of the error, he was of opinion that our client was not bound to admit it. He was clearly of opinion that no counsel was bound to admit anything that went against his client's interest. I said we ought to admit the error.

But the senior counsel contended: "In that case there is every likelihood of the court cancelling the whole award, and no sane counsel would imperil his client's case to that extent. At any rate I would be the last man to take any such risk. If the case were to be sent up for a fresh hearing, one could never tell what expenses our client might be let in for, and what the ultimate result might be!"

The client was present when this conversation took place.

I said: "I feel that both our client and we ought to run the risk. Where is the certainty of the court upholding a wrong award, simply because we do not admit the error? And supposing the admission were to bring the client to grief, what harm is there?"

"But why should we make the admission at all?" said the senior counsel.

"Where is the surety of the court not detecting the error or our opponent not discovering it?" said I.

"Well, then, will you argue the case? I am not prepared to argue it on your terms," replied the senior counsel with decision.

I humbly answered: "If you will not argue, then I am prepared to do so, if our client so desires. I shall have nothing to do with the case, if the error is not admitted."

With this I looked at my client. He was a little embarrassed. I had been in the case from the very first. The client fully trusted me, and knew me through and through. He said: "Well then you will argue the case and admit the error. We will lose, if that is to be out lot. God defend the right."

I was delighted. I had expected nothing less from him. The senior counsel again warned me, pitied me for my obduracy, but congratulated me all the same.

What happened in the court we shall see in the next chapter.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF ANTIMILITARIST CLERGYMEN

Instituted August 30th, 1926 at Geneva Secretary: .Rev. J. B. Th. Hugenholtz, Ammerstol (Holland)

On the 30th of August, 1926, was founded at Geneva the International Committee of Antimilitarist Clergymen (I. C. A. C.) by some clergymen from Holland, Germany, Switzerland and America.

Since the war the number of leaders, who are convinced of the absolute incompatibility of the Gospel with the system of the armament of modern states, has much increased.

In Holland was founded in October, 1924, the society "Kerk en Vrede" (Church and Peace) which took its stand against war and militarism in following motion:

"The group etc., judging that the salvation of men, peoples and communities of peoples can only be attained through the ardent application of Christian principles;

That the practical application of these principles is not only retarded by the influence of evil but also by the maintenance of evil institutions of which war is the most pernicious;

That not only does war mock at all justice but that moreover the character of modern warfare offends our moral and religious consciousness in a way that has become intolerable;

That in opposing this crime no sacrifice is too great which will enforce the moral truth that it is better to endure evil than to commit it;

Takes up the strife against war and preparation for war and calls upon all Christians both inside and outside the Churches to join in this strife, that the name of Jesus Christ and His Heavenly Father may no longer be desecrated by the peoples, in the hideous way in which it has been done in the years that are past."

The society numbers for the moment 140 leaders, whilst also laymen who take interest in it are admitted to membership. The society has already 10 local divisions and publishes a monthly review ("Kerk en Vrede") with an issue of nearly 2,000.

In Switzerland was founded in 1925 the "Bund Antimilitaristischer Pfarrer," which numbers 110 members.

In Norway Rev. F. Castberg at Trondhjem formed a group of 5 members in the autumn of 1926.

In England arose at the same time the "Congregational Ministers Peace Crusade" with 130 members.

In Germany already more than 100 leaders have come forward in response to a call from Rev. Lic. Dr. Hans Hartmann, so that also there the antimilitarist leaders are uniting themselves.

In Sweden Rev. Lundgren at Torrom is making an attempt to come to such a result.

In Austria Rev. Dr. M. J. Metzger, a Catholic priest, at Graz also joined our Committee, to unite the antimilitarist leaders in Austria also.

In America there are many clergymen members of various societies of peace. Our representatives there: Rev. Frederick L. Libby and Bishop Paul Jones will try to form a society in America.

Besides we have received many expressions of sympathy from France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Japan and Australia.

The "Fellowship of Reconciliation" which has over the whole world its groups and its points of contact numbers many clergymen among its members (800). The secretary, Oliver Dryer, represents this society in our committee.

Since the churches allowed themselves to be used too much by the governments as willing tools in the employ of militarism, and the Catholic as well as the Protestant churches have not condemned even to this day militarism as a sin against the Gospel of Christ, so continually more and more of us have felt the necessity to organize ourselves as leaders in the churches independently, nationally and internationally.

The committee, appointed at Geneva with the intention of forming an International Union of Antimilitarist Clergymen composed the following plans for the time being:

First, to unite the antimilitarist ministers of all churches and of all denominations and of all countries and if possible to create new groups and to prepare the way for an international congress to be held in Holland, 1928;

Second, to study thoroughly the question of war from the theological and philosophical standpoint;

Third, to demonstrate without delay, by word and deed in and outside

TOLSTOY

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Correspondence

Visa Charges

To the Editor:

My good friend and sometime neighbor Sydney Strong, always earnest and not always fair, has an article in UNITY for July 2 in which he interrogates the President on sundry matters, concerning some of which he might have saved himself the trouble. Here is one of them:

"Another thing suggested by the 1,200 English people. They called themselves "The Twentieth Century Mayflower"—they spent five days in our country—they came on a mission of good-will—it was in memory of the "Pilgrims"—and do you know, Mr. President, they were charged $10 apiece for a visa? In other words, this company of Pilgrims paid us $12,000 for making us a memorial visit. What a shame! That was $2,000 more than they distributed as tips to the boat's staff—both ways! Don't you know, Mr. President, that our visa charges are regarded the world over as outrageous. Say a word. Who favors it besides the gilt-corded officials? This was all unnecessary before the war. What has happened?"

Yes, the President knows that the English Pilgrims paid the usual $10 apiece for visas on their passports. The Executive Committee of the National Council took that matter up months ago with the State Department in Washington. That Department was more than willing to omit the visa charge, but is limited, and properly, by law, so that it can extend such a courtesy only to nationals of countries which under like conditions do the same for Americans. But Great Britain is not one of these countries, and neither the President nor the Secretary of State could waive the fee. The United States receives a mere trifle for visas of British tourists, and would gladly do away with the whole business. But Great Britain receives an enormous sum from American tourists and is determined to collect it. The question "Don't you know, Mr. President, that our visa charges are regarded the world over as outrageous?" deserves the answer that probably the President does know that, and knows that no nation pays such charges except those who insist on collecting them from us. They think it is very right, mete and just that they should charge us and "outrageous" that our "gilt cord-officials" should collect from them exactly as their gilt cord officials collect from us.

WILLIAM E. BARTON

Appreciation

Editor of UNITY:

I am a little late in sending in renewal and I am sorry. However, as long as my eyes can see print and my pocketbook contains the price of UNITY, I shall always want your paper. It feeds and meets the yearnings of my inner self as no other papers do.

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E. B. AMDAHL.

Creston, Mont.

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the churches, against war and the preparations for war.

The formation of our Committee was greeted with sympathy from several sides. Its necessity is demonstrated alas in the clearest way by the continually sad international relations and the unsatisfactory results of the League of Nations. Since 1918 wars have continued uninterruptedly and armaments in the West have more than doubled. Besides, modern warfare has so much increased in horror, inhumanity and crime that we Christians are forced to give an account of our behaviour as Christians and leaders, against the infamous doings of Christian-governments.

A new war must not find us inactive as in 1914. Therefore we call upon all colleagues, over the whole world of all Christian churches and denominations, to unite themselves with us in the battle against war and militarism.

The world is waiting for a decided testimony, which blames not only war but which also condemns militarism as a sin against the Kingdom of God.

For this purpose we hope to have in 1928 at Amsterdam (not at Utrecht as at first planned) an international congress of antimilitarist clergymen.

Our committee laid down at our meeting at Cologne on the 21st of July, the following agenda:

Agenda for the Congress

Monday, August 13

8 o'clock in the evening: Welcome, opening, prayermeeting.

Tuesday, August 14

9:30-12 (Session). War and Christianity.

1:30-3:30 (Commissions): 3 commissions will study the following question: 1. War and economics. 2. War and Justice. 3. War and races.

4-6 (Session). Reports from different countries (10 minutes each) about the Peace work in the churches.

8:30-10:30 (Session). Reports of the commissions (resolutions).

Wednesday, August 15

9:30-12 (Session). Institution of the International Union of Antimilitarist Clergymen.

2-4. Meeting of the elected Council.

8 o'clock. Public closing meeting with different speakers.

Information.—For all further information please apply to the secretary of the I. C. A. C.

The Committee of Preparation: Rev. J. B. Th. Hugenholtz, Ammerstol, Secretary-Treasurer. Prof. Dr. G. J Heering, Leiden Rev. F. Kuiper, Amersfoort.

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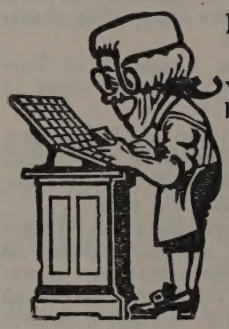

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